COMMUNITY EVANGELISM

SONG BOOK

Adoration and Praise

ALL THE WORLD. 10. 4. 6. 6. 6. 6. 10. 4.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1593-1632 — JOHN PORTER, 1877-

1. Let all the world in ev - ery cor - ner sing: My God and
all the world in ev - ery cor - ner sing: My God and
King! The heavens are not too high, His praise may thith - er fly; The
King! The Church with psalms must shout, No door can keep them out: But,
earth is not too low, His prais - es there may grow. Let all the world in
more than all, the heart Must bear the lon - gest part. Let all the world in
1
2
ev - ery cor - ner sing: My God and King! 2. Let God and King!

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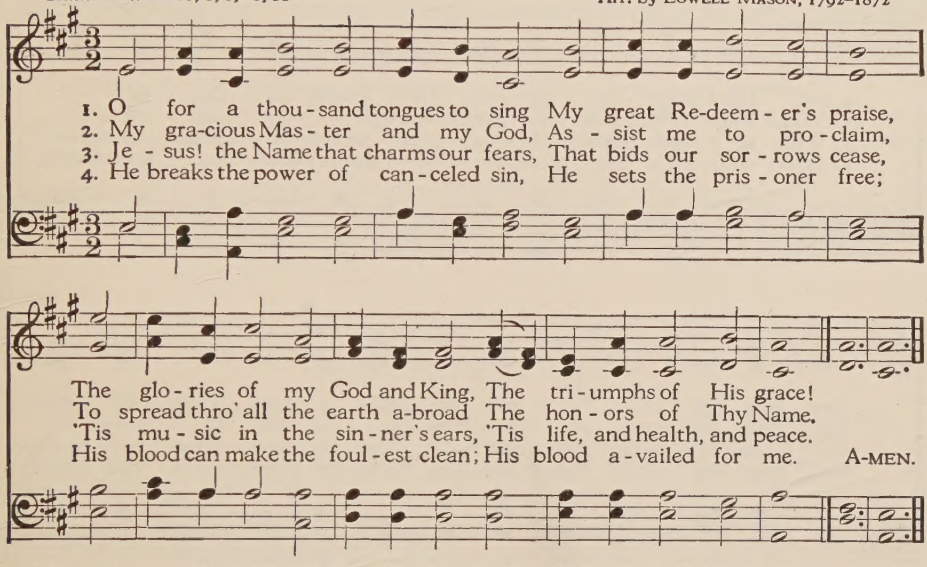
1

AZMON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788

CARL G. GLÄSER, 1784–1829
Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872


1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem - er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease,
4. He breaks the power of can - celed sin, He sets the pris - oner free;
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon - ors of Thy Name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me. A-MEN.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

2

OLD 100TH. L. M.

From PSALM C
Ascribed to WILLIAM KETHE, d., c. 1593

Melody from GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make;
3. O en - ter then His gates with praise, Ap - proach with joy His courts un - to;
4. For why the Lord our God is good; His mer-cy is for ev - er sure;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
We are His folk, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise, laud, and bless His Name al-ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.
His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure. A - MEN.

Another form of this tune will be found at No. 3

3

OLIVET. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

RAY PALMER, 1808–1887

LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872

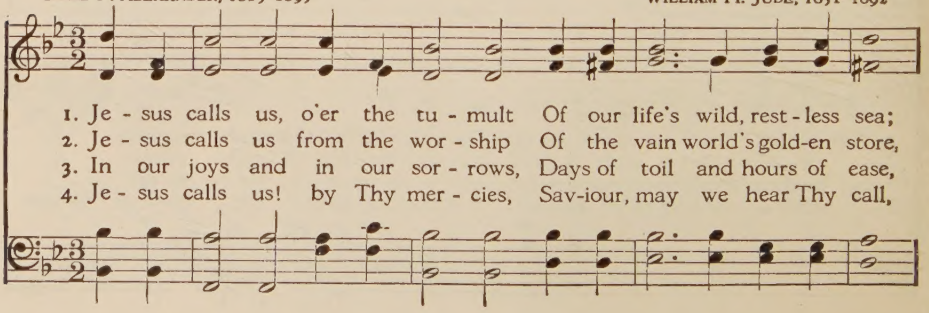
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be, A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!
A - MEN.

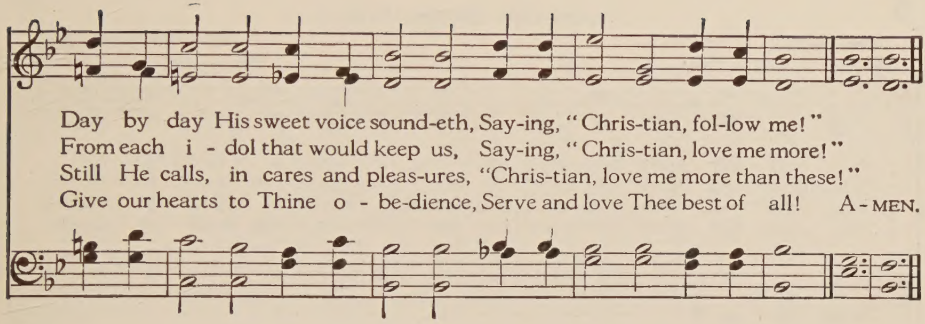
4

GALILEE. 8. 7. 8. 7.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1823–1895

WILLIAM H. JUDE, 1851–1892


1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, may we hear Thy call,


Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol-low me!"
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love me more!"
Still He calls, in cares and pleas-ures, "Chris-tian, love me more than these!"
Give our hearts to Thine o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all! A - MEN.

5

REGENT SQUARE. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

From PSALM CIII
HENRY F. LYTE, 1793–1847

HENRY SMART, 1813–1879

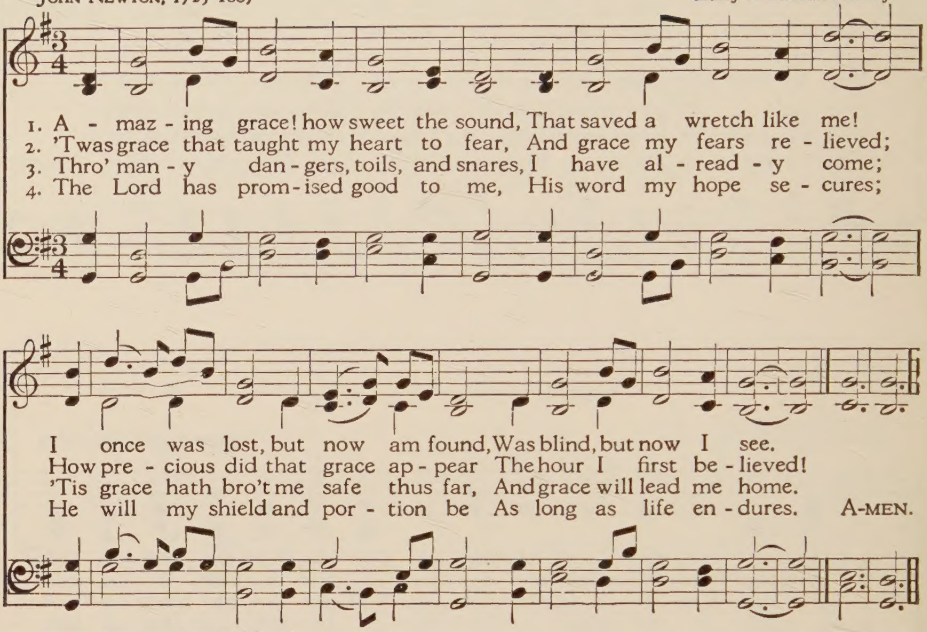
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy trib - ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
3. Fa - ther - like, He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
4. An - gels in the height, a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face;
Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more His prais - es sing;
Praise Him, still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes;
Saints tri - um - phant, bow be - fore Him; Gath-ered in from ev - ery race;
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Ev - er - last - ing King.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace. A-MEN.

This tune in a higher key will be found at No. 87

6

AMAZING GRACE. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807 — Early American melody

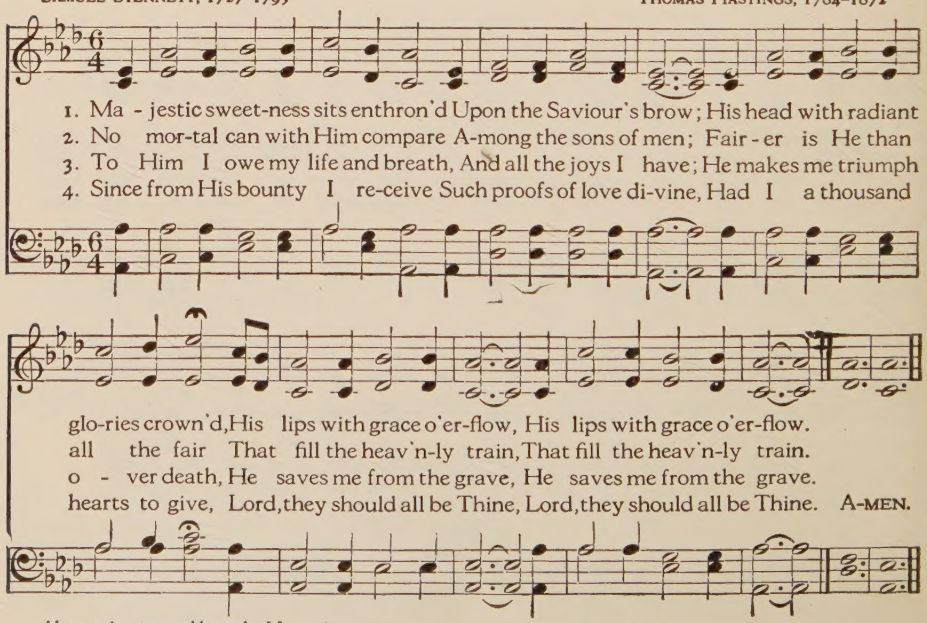

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures. A-MEN.

Alternative tune, Spohr, No. 363

7

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1727–1795 — THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784–1872

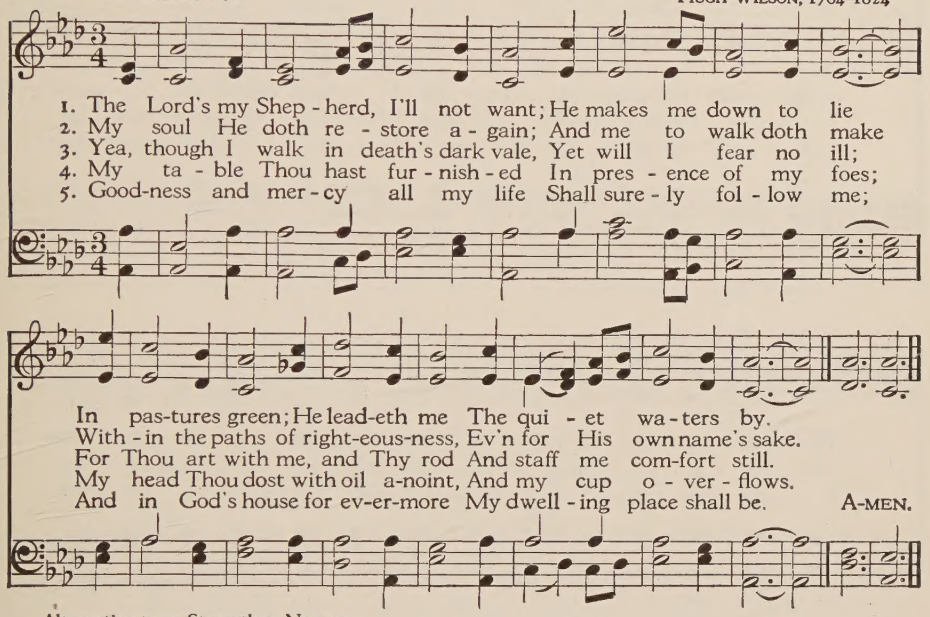

1. Ma - jestic sweet-ness sits enthron'd Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than
3. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph
4. Since from His bounty I re-ceive Such proofs of love di-vine, Had I a thousand
glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'n-ly train.
o - ver death, He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.
hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine. A-MEN.

Alternative tune, Abergele, No. 328

MARTYRDOM (AVON). C. M.

PSALM XXIII
SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650

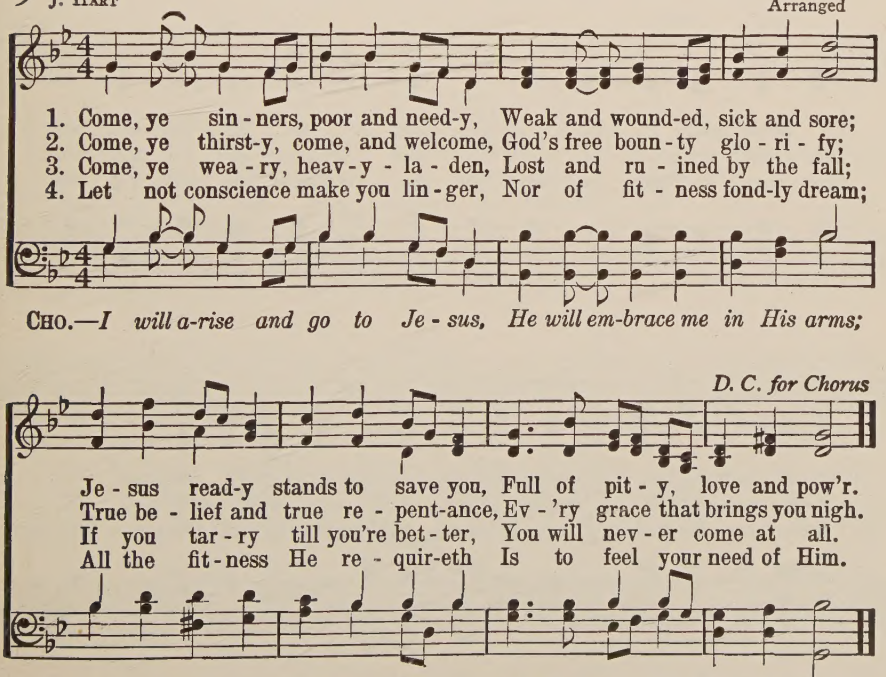
HUGH WILSON, 1764–1824


1. The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
4. My ta - ble Thou hast fur - nish - ed In pres - ence of my foes;
5. Good-ness and mer - cy all my life Shall sure - ly fol - low me;
In pas-tures green; He lead-eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
With - in the paths of right-eous-ness, Ev'n for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.
My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o - ver - flows.
And in God's house for ev-er-more My dwell - ing place shall be. A-MEN.

Alternative tune, Stracathro, No. 340

9 J. HART

Arranged


1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;
CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;
D. C. for Chorus
Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, Oh, there are ten thou-sand charms.

ST. CHRISTOPHER. 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1830–1869 — FREDERICK C. MAKER, 1844–1927

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;
The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my strick - en heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess:
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,
From the burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
The won-ders of re-deem-ing love And my un-wor-thi - ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross. A - MEN.

HENDON. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

JOHANN C. SCHWEDLER, 1672–1730
Tr. by BENJAMIN H. KENNEDY, 1804–1889

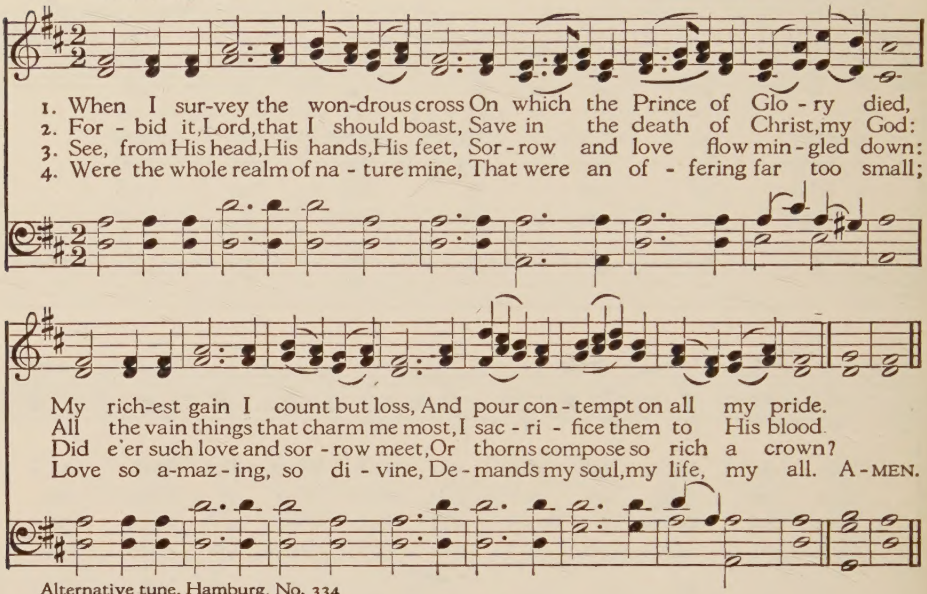
H. A. CÉSAR MALAN, 1787–1864

1. Ask ye what great thing I know
2. Who de - feats my fier - cest foes?
3. Who is life in life to me?
4. This is that great thing I know;
That de - lights and stirs me so? What the high re -
Who con - soles my sad - dest woes? Who re - vives my
Who the death of death will be? Who will place me
This de - lights and stirs me so: Faith in Him who
ward I win? Whose the name I glo - ry in?
faint - ing heart, Heal - ing all its hid - den smart?
on His right, With the count - less hosts of light?
died to save, Him who tri - umphed o'er the grave,
Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied. A - MEN.

12

EUCHARIST. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748 — ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1819–1858

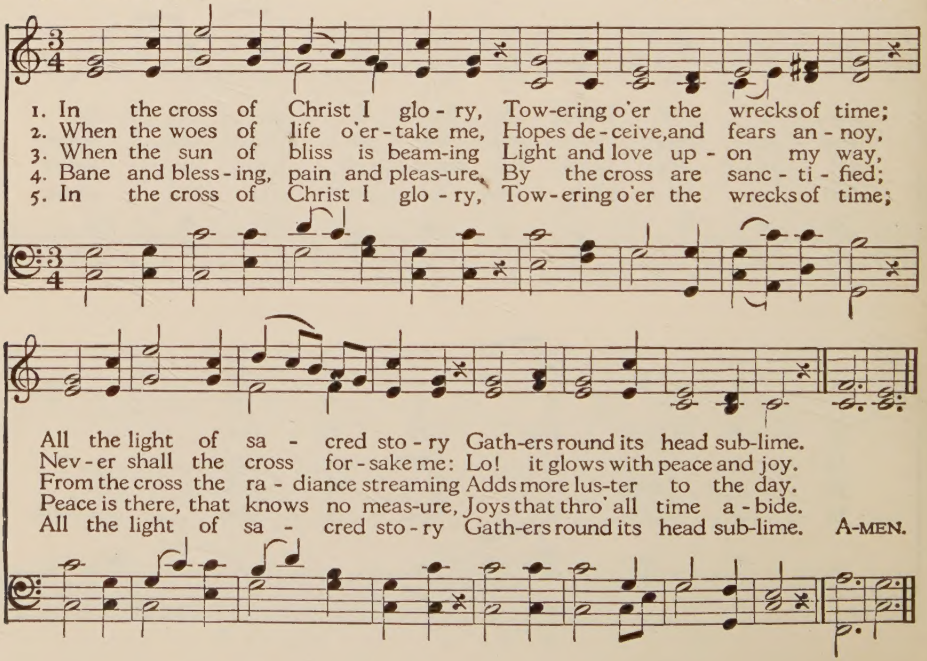

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God:
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were an of - fering far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all. A - MEN.

Alternative tune, Hamburg, No. 334

13

RATHBUN. 8. 7. 8. 7.

JOHN BOWRING, 1792–1872 — ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1815–1867

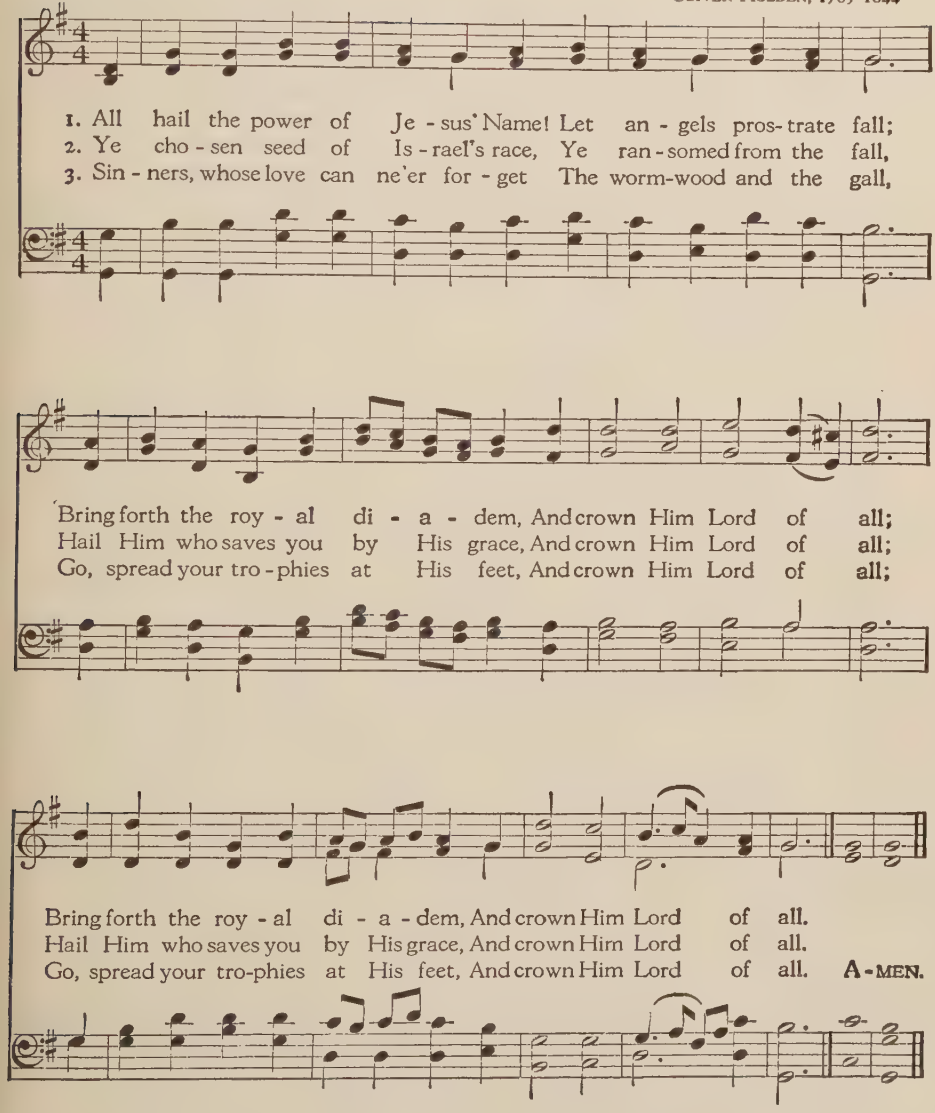

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-ering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-ering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus-ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime. A-MEN.

CORONATION. C. M.

(First Tune)

EDWARD PERRONET, 1726–1792
Alt. by JOHN RIPPON, 1751–1836

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1765–1844


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all. A - MEN.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

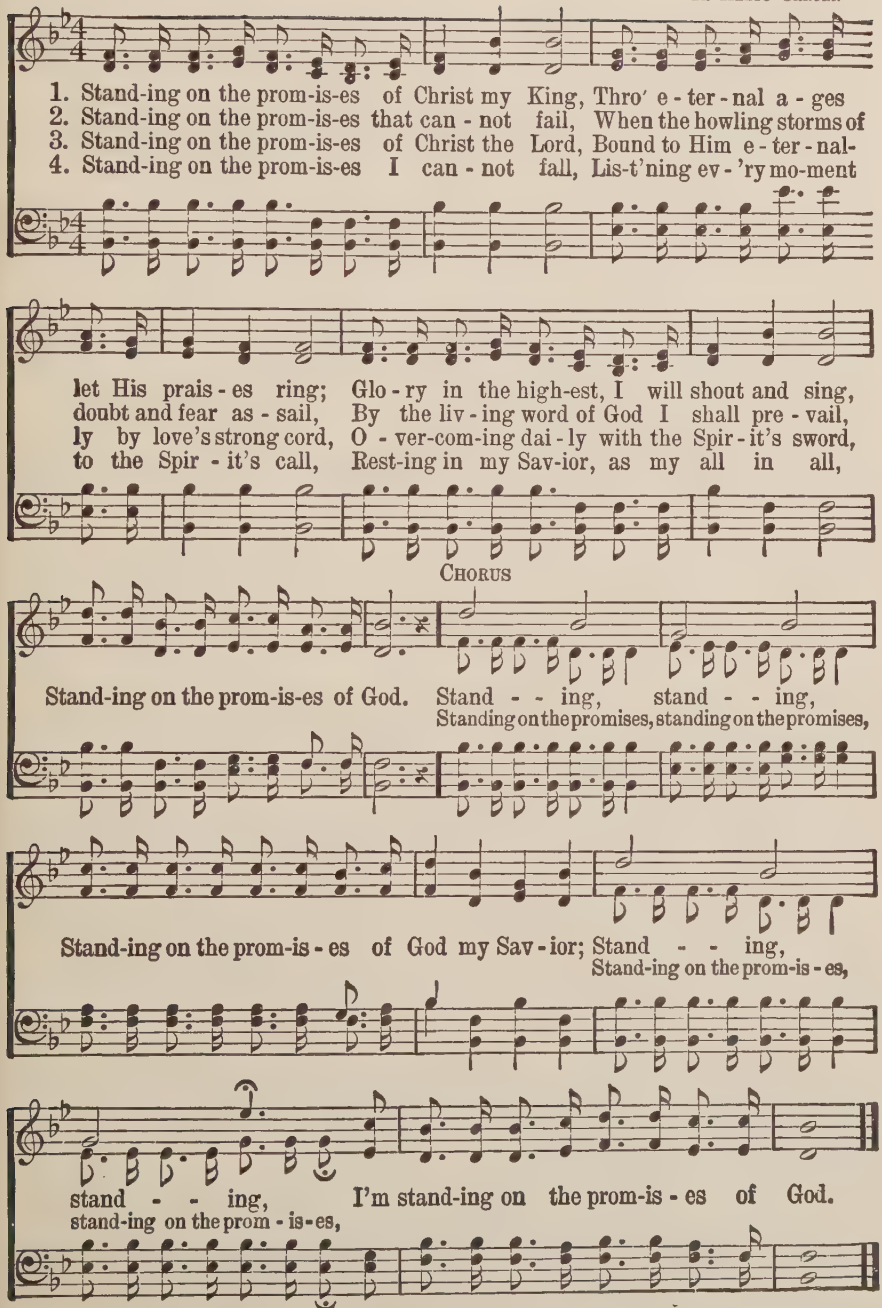
DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1800–1894 and GODFREY THRING, 1823–1903

GEORGE J. ELVEY, 1816–1893

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose power a scep - ter sways
4. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side,
Hark! how the heaven-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.
And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save;
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise:
Those wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
His glo - ries now we sing Who died, and rose on high,
His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet
All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me:
And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
Who died — e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives, that death may die.
Fair flowers of par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra-grance ev - er sweet.
Thy praise and glo - ry shall not fail Through-out e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can - not fail, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment
let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,
Chorus
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is - es,
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
stand-ing on the prom - is-es,

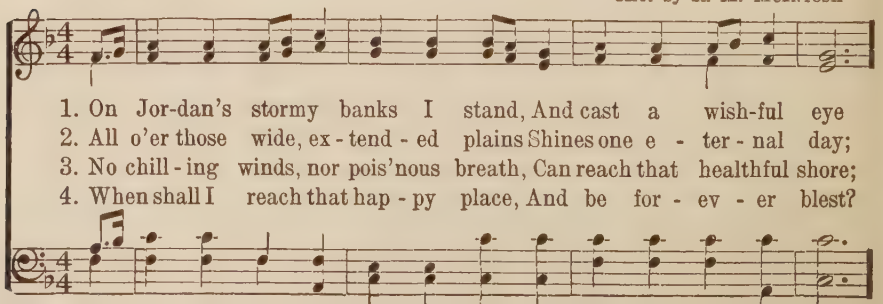
17

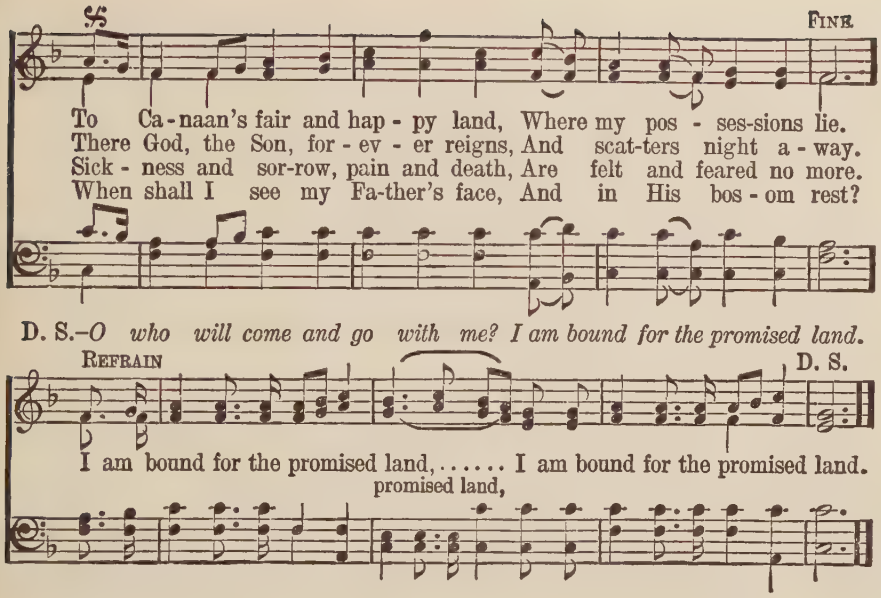
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won-der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:
Refrain
1
2
Beau-ti-ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life. Life.

18

Samuel Stennett Arr. by R. M. McIntosh


1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide, ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?


FINE.
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat-ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
D. S.–O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.
REFRAIN
D. S.
I am bound for the promised land,..... I am bound for the promised land.
promised land,

19

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1752–1817

From WILLIAMS' PSALMODY, 1770

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend,

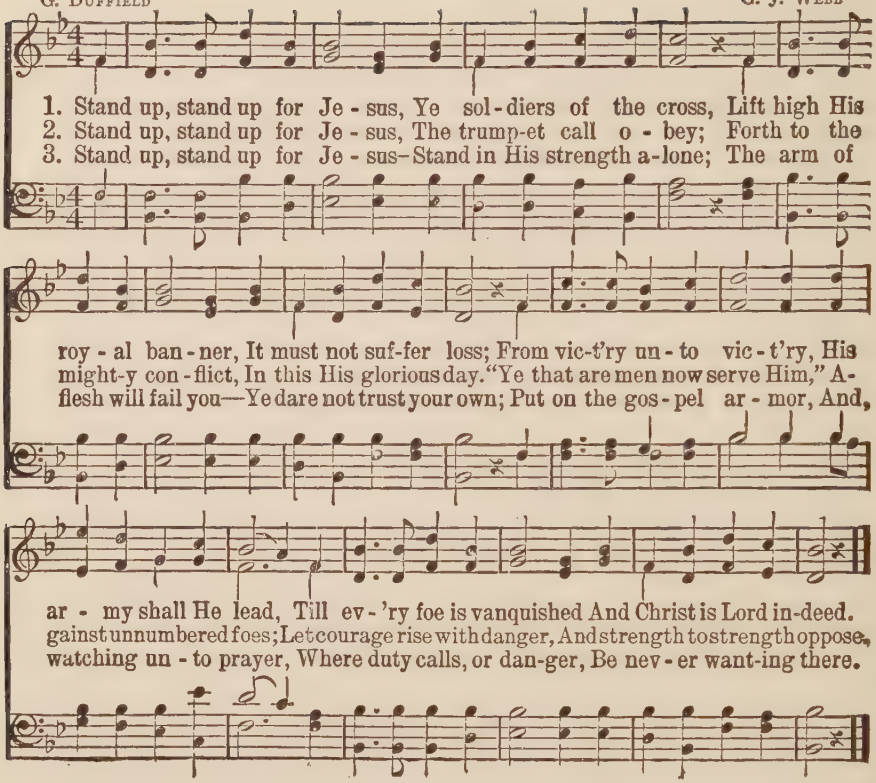
The Church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end. A-MEN.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

20

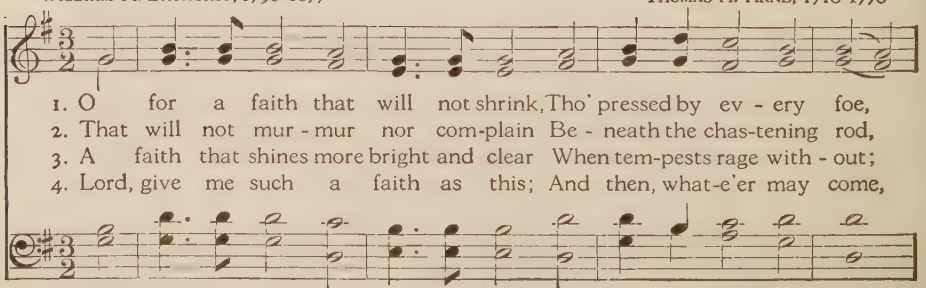
G. Duffield — G. J. Webb

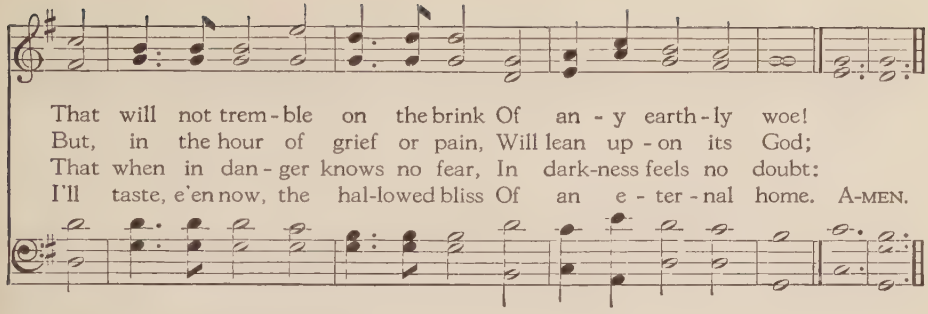

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump-et call o - bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus–Stand in His strength a - lone; The arm of
roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His
might-y con - flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A-
flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And,
ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose,
watching un - to prayer, Where duty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.

21

ARLINGTON. C. M.

William H. Bathurst, 1796–1877 — Thomas A. Arne, 1710–1778


1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - ery foe,
2. That will not mur - mur nor com-plain Be - neath the chas-tening rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tem-pests rage with - out;
4. Lord, give me such a faith as this; And then, what-e'er may come,


That will not trem-ble on the brink Of an-y earth-ly woe!
But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up-on its God;
That when in dan-ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt:
I'll taste, e'en now, the hal-lowed bliss Of an e-ter-nal home. A-MEN.

22

E. A. HOFFMAN A. J. SHOWALTER

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms?

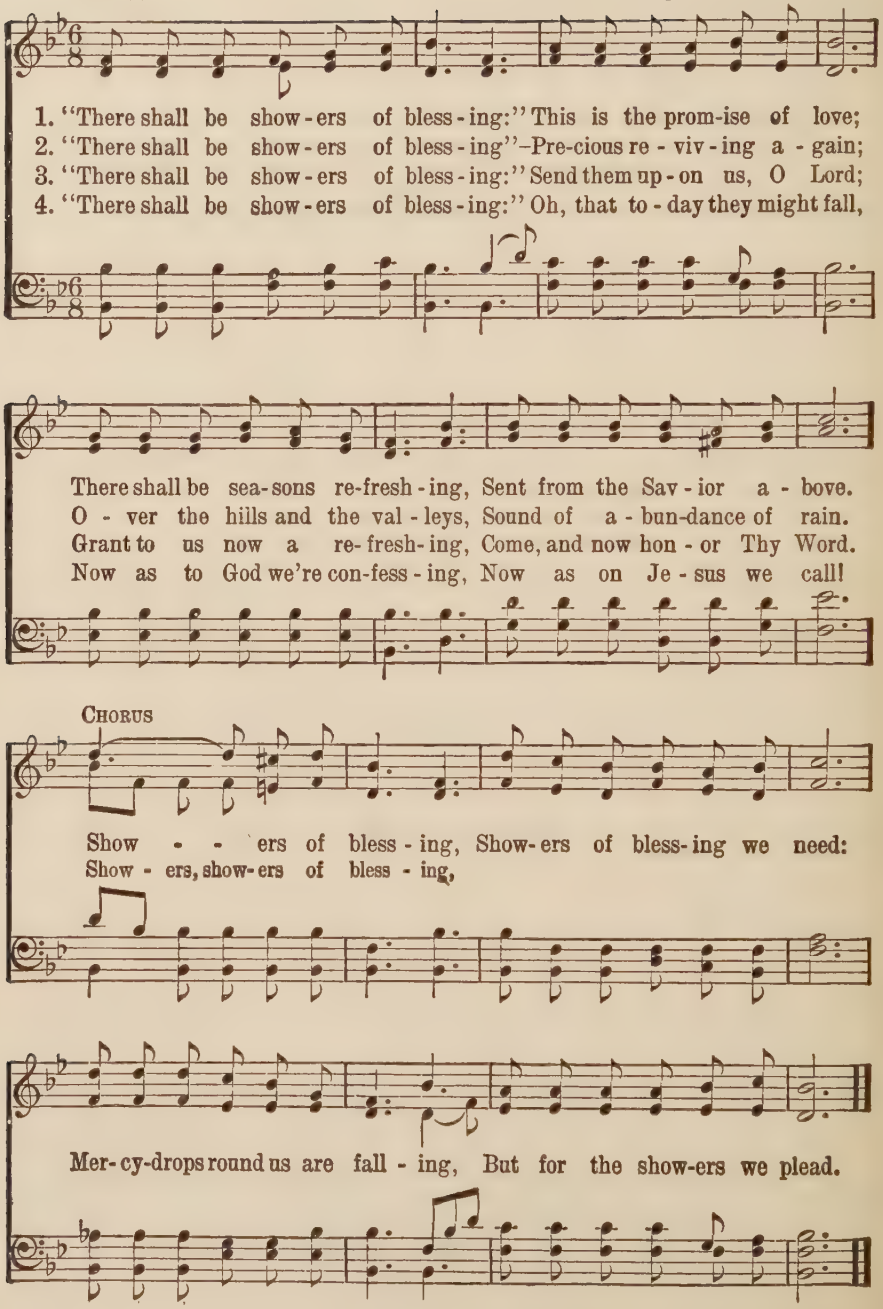
What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

REFRAIN

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

EL NATHAN JAMES MCGRANAHAN

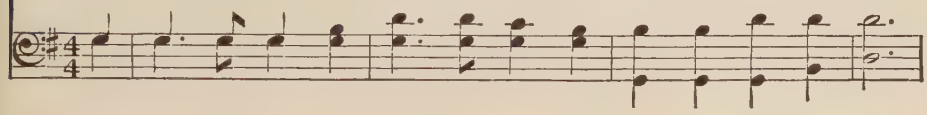

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"–Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!
CHORUS
Show - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing,
Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

STOCKTON. 8. 6. 8. 6. with Refrain

JOHN H. STOCKTON, 1813–1877

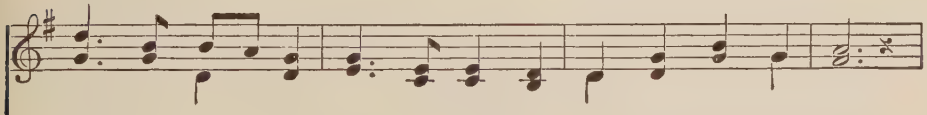
JOHN H. STOCKTON, 1813–1877

1. Come, ev - ery soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,



And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

REFRAIN



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now. A-MEN.

MESSIAH. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

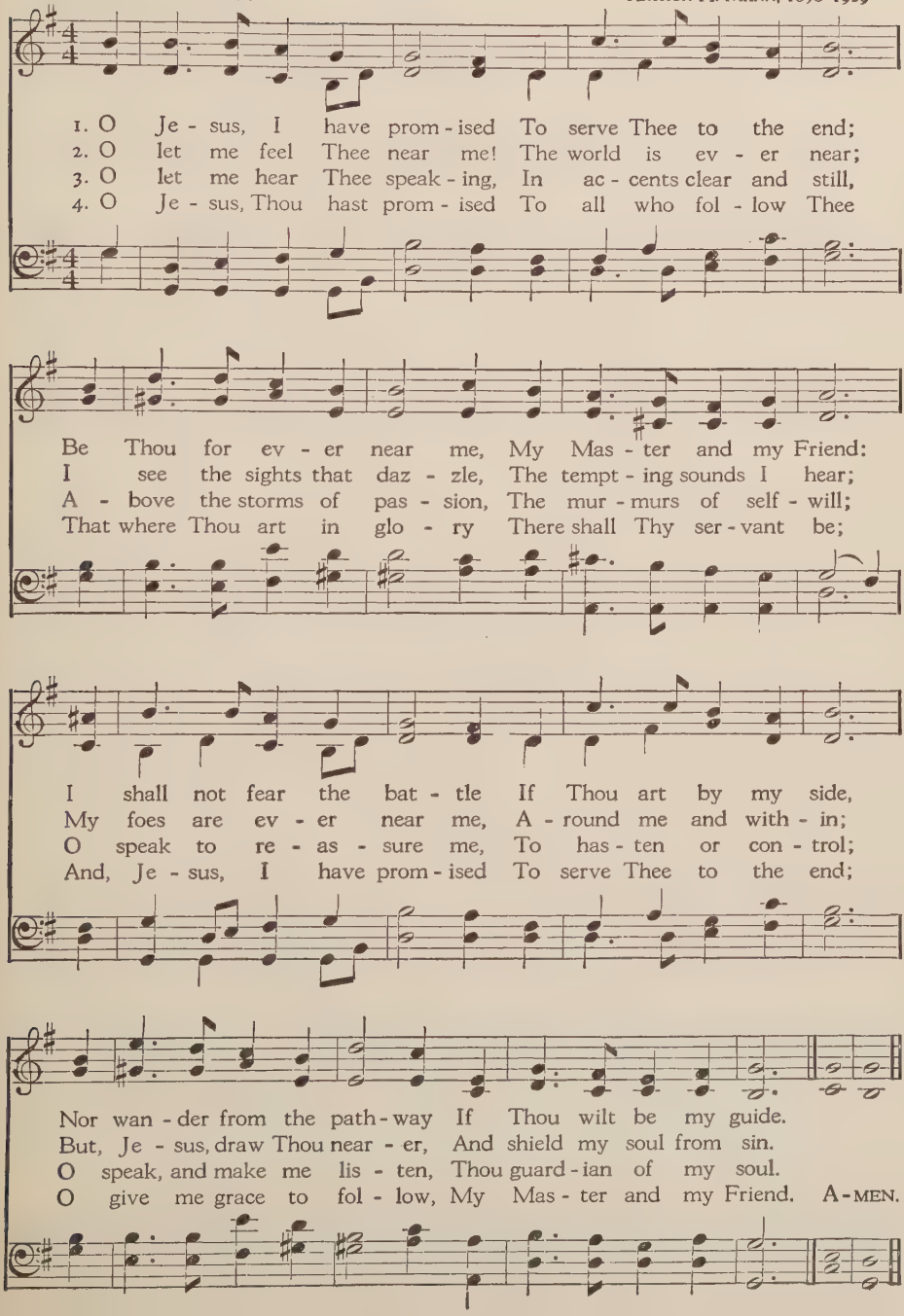
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1836–1879

LOUIS J. F. HEROLD, 1791–1833
Arr. by GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1811–1884

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.
2. Take my voice, and let me sing, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
3. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger mine.
Take my mo - ments and my days; Let them flow in cease - less praise.
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from Thee.
Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my sil - ver and my gold; Not a mite would I with - hold.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store.
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - ery pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee. A - MEN.

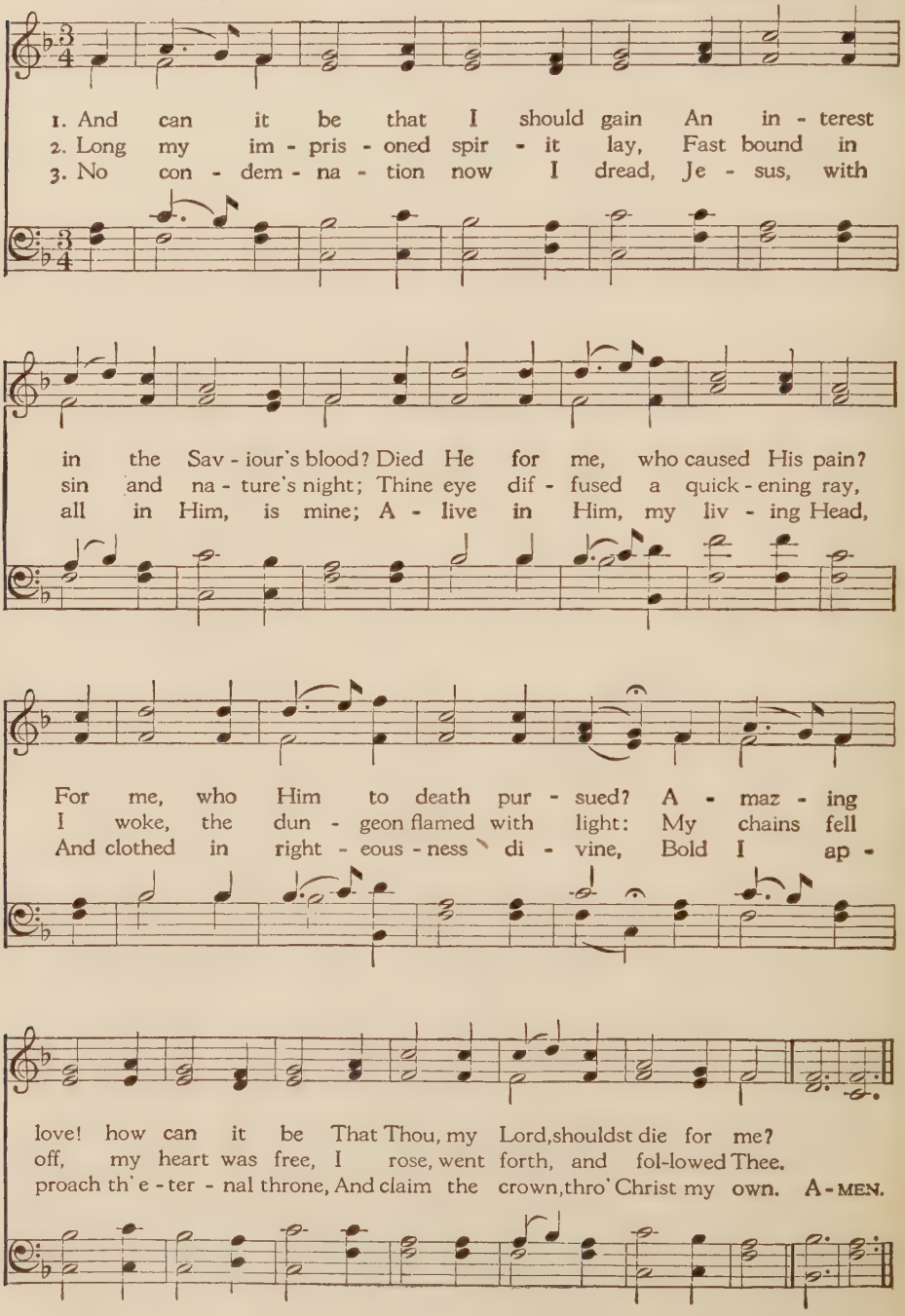
ANGEL'S STORY. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

JOHN E. BODE, 1816–1874 — ARTHUR H. MANN, 1850–1929


1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
2. O let me feel Thee near me! The world is ev - er near;
3. O let me hear Thee speak - ing, In ac - cents clear and still,
4. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee
Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend:
I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear;
A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will;
That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy ser - vant be;
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
O speak to re - as - sure me, To has - ten or con - trol;
And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide.
But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
O speak, and make me lis - ten, Thou guard - ian of my soul.
O give me grace to fol - low, My Mas - ter and my Friend. A - MEN.

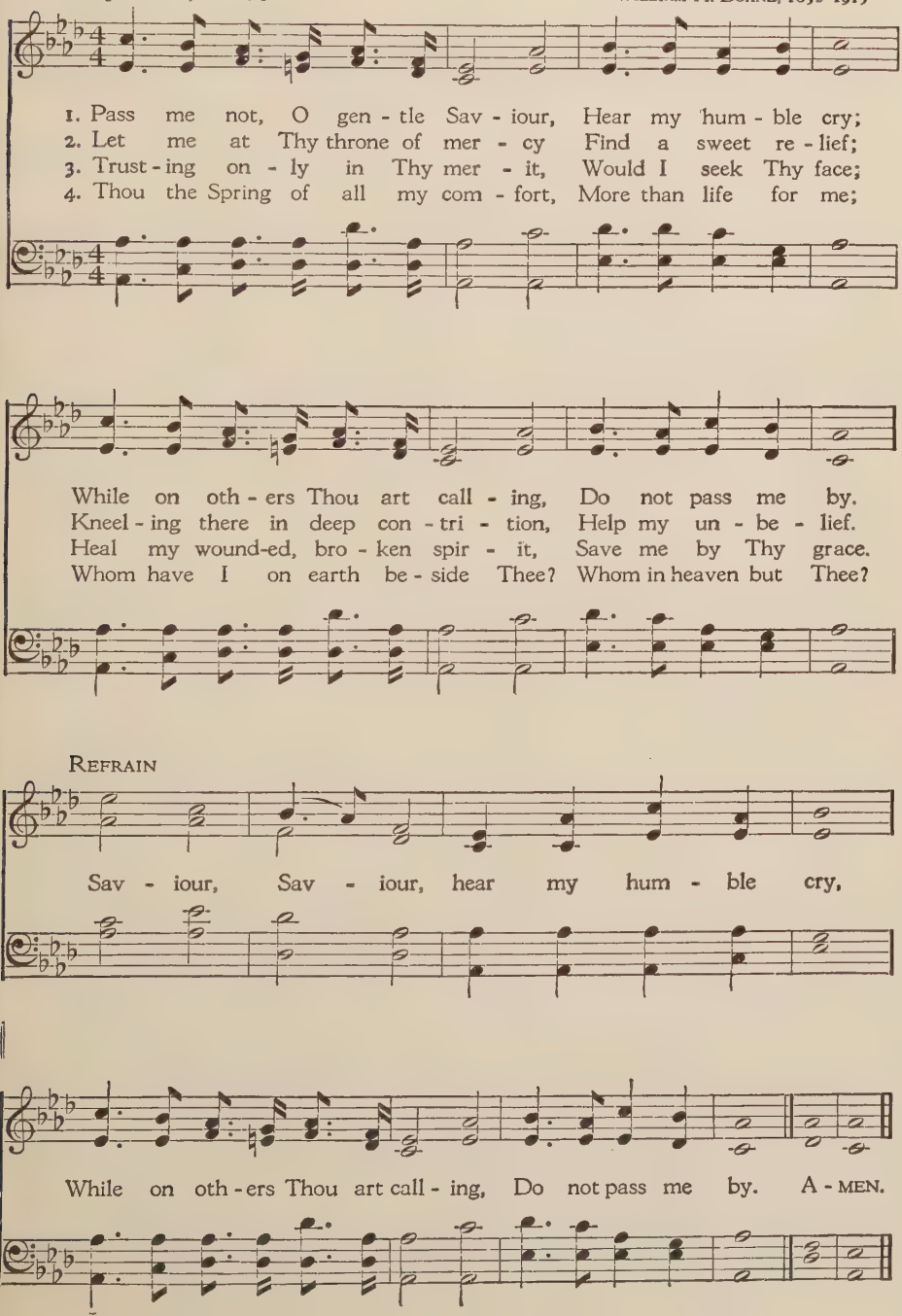
FILLMORE. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788 — JEREMIAH INGALLS, 1764–1828


1. And can it be that I should gain An in - terest
2. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay, Fast bound in
3. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread, Je - sus, with
in the Sav - iour's blood? Died He for me, who caused His pain?
sin and na - ture's night; Thine eye dif - fused a quick - ening ray,
all in Him, is mine; A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head,
For me, who Him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing
I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light: My chains fell
And clothed in right - eous - ness di - vine, Bold I ap -
love! how can it be That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?
off, my heart was free, I rose, went forth, and fol-lowed Thee.
proach th' e - ter - nal throne, And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own. A - MEN.

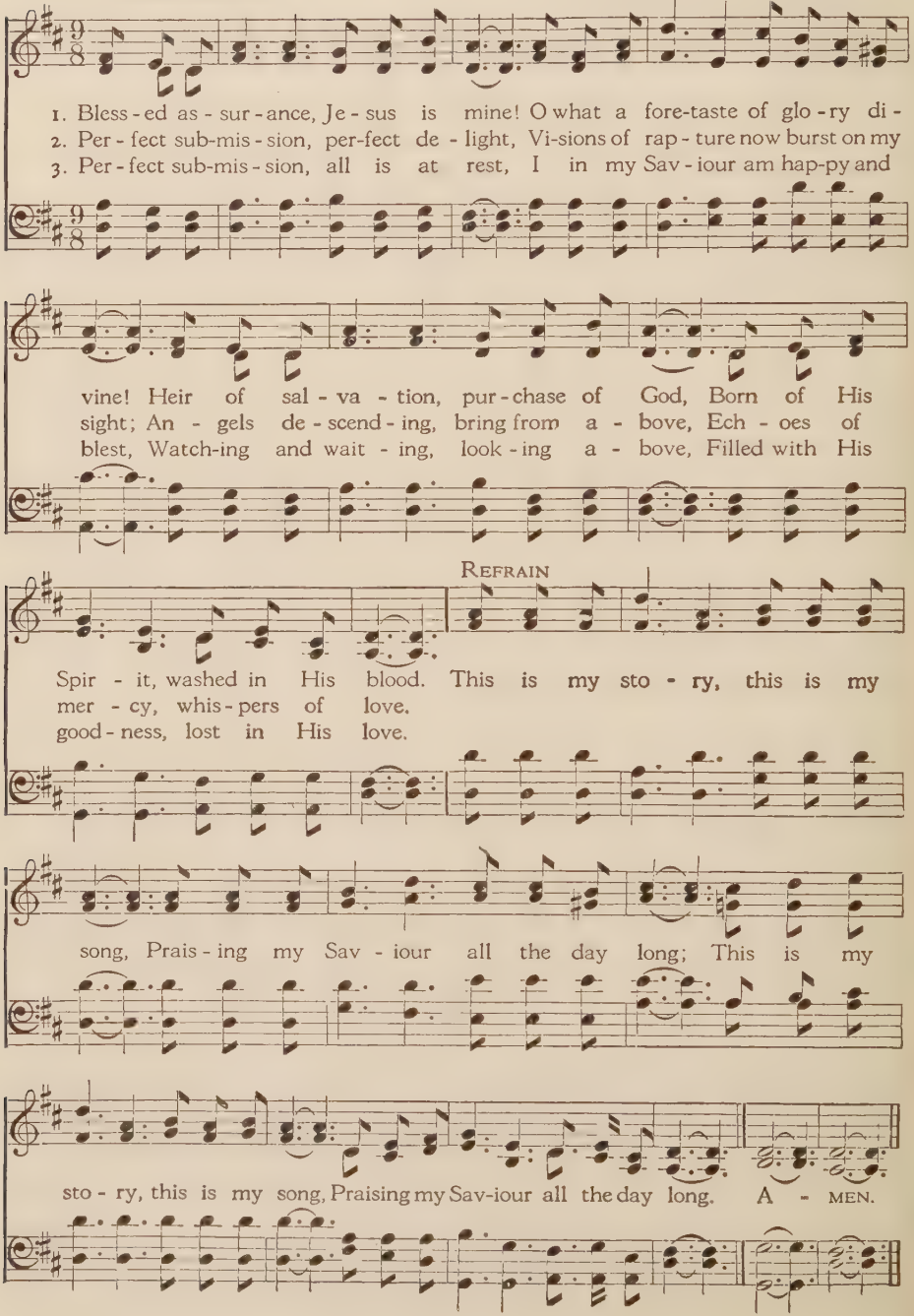
PASS ME NOT. 8. 5. 8. 5. with Refrain

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1820–1915 — WILLIAM H. DOANE, 1832–1915


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life for me;
While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound-ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?
REFRAIN
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry,
While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by. A - MEN.

ASSURANCE. 9. 10. 9. 9. with Refrain

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1820–1915 — Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, 1839–1908


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now burst on my
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and
vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His
sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of
blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His
REFRAIN
Spir-it, washed in His blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my
mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
good-ness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my
sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long. A-MEN.

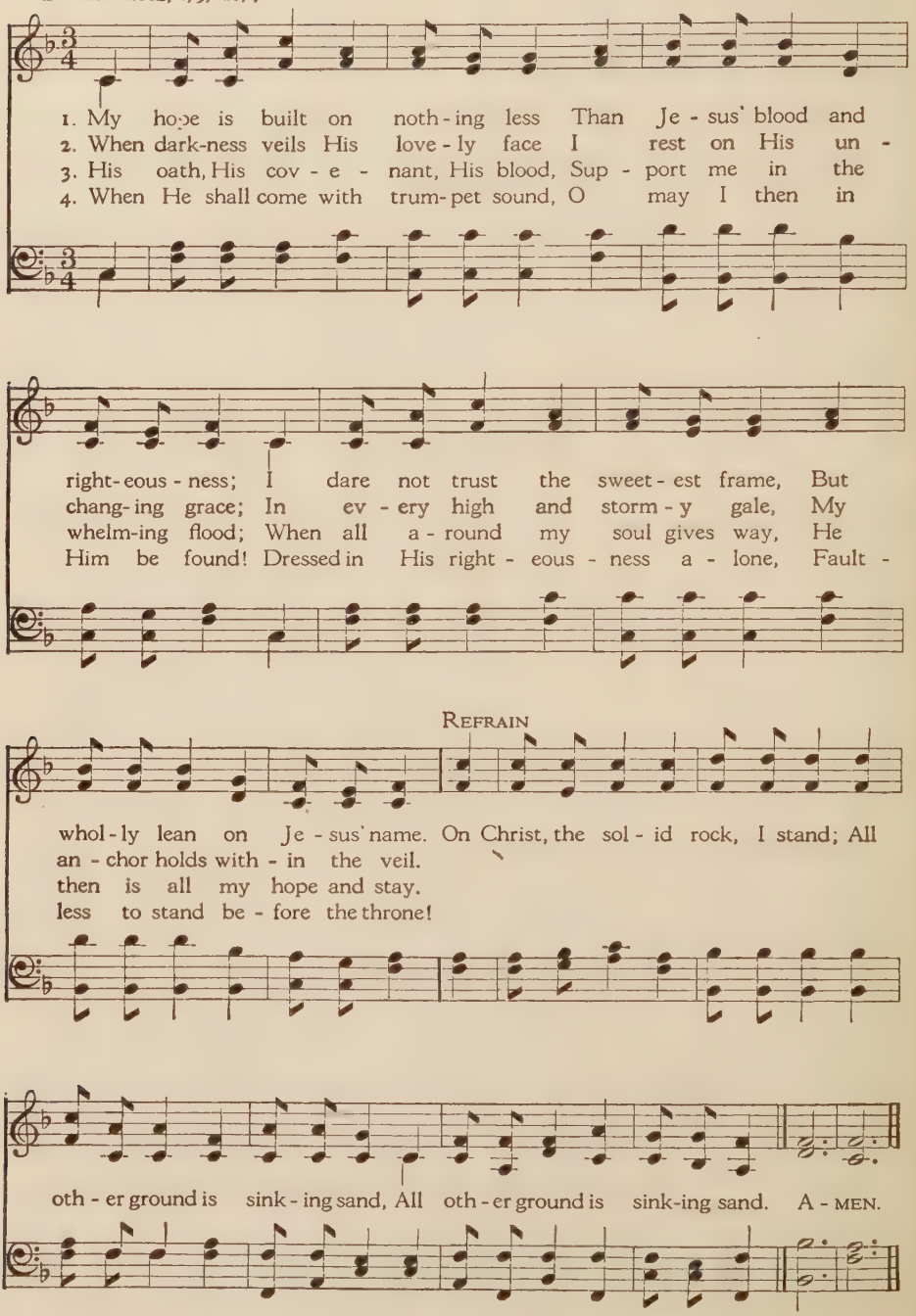
CONVERSE. 8.7.8.7.D.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, 1820–1886 — CHARLES C. CONVERSE, 1832–1918

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou-ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged: Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our Ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak-ness: Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there. A-MEN.

THE SOLID ROCK. L. M. with Refrain

EDWARD MOTE, 1797–1874 — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1816–1868


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face I rest on His un-
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the
4. When He shall come with trum-pet sound, O may I then in
right-eous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But
chang-ing grace; In ev-ery high and storm-y gale, My
whelm-ing flood; When all a-round my soul gives way, He
Him be found! Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-
REFRAIN
whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All
an-chor holds with-in the veil.
then is all my hope and stay.
less to stand be-fore the throne!
oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.

THE ROCK OF REFUGE. L. M. with Refrain

ERASTUS JOHNSON, 1826-1909 — WILLIAM G. FISCHER, 1835-1912

1. O some-times the shad-ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O some-times how long seems the day, And some-times how wea-ry my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail,
And sor-rows, sometimes how they sweep Like tem-pests down o-ver the soul!
But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's bless-ed shad-ow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the moun-tain way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.
REFRAIN
O then to the Rock let me fly, To the
let me fly,
Rock that is high-er than I; O then to the
is high-er than I;
Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I! A-MEN.
let me fly,

HANKEY. 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

KATHERINE HANKEY, 1834–1911
Refrain added

WILLIAM G. FISCHER, 1835–1912

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
all the gold-en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the
seems, each time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
hun - ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of
sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long-ings
sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son
sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry
REFRAIN
As noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry,
I tell it now to thee.
From God's own ho-ly Word.
That I have loved so long.
To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - MEN.

RESCUE. 6. 5. 10. D. with Refrain

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1820–1915 — WILLIAM H. DOANE, 1832–1915

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Though they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive: Plead with them earn-est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly:
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;
REFRAIN
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan - derer a Sav - iour has died.
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A-MEN.

I AM THINE. 10. 7. 10. 7. with Refrain

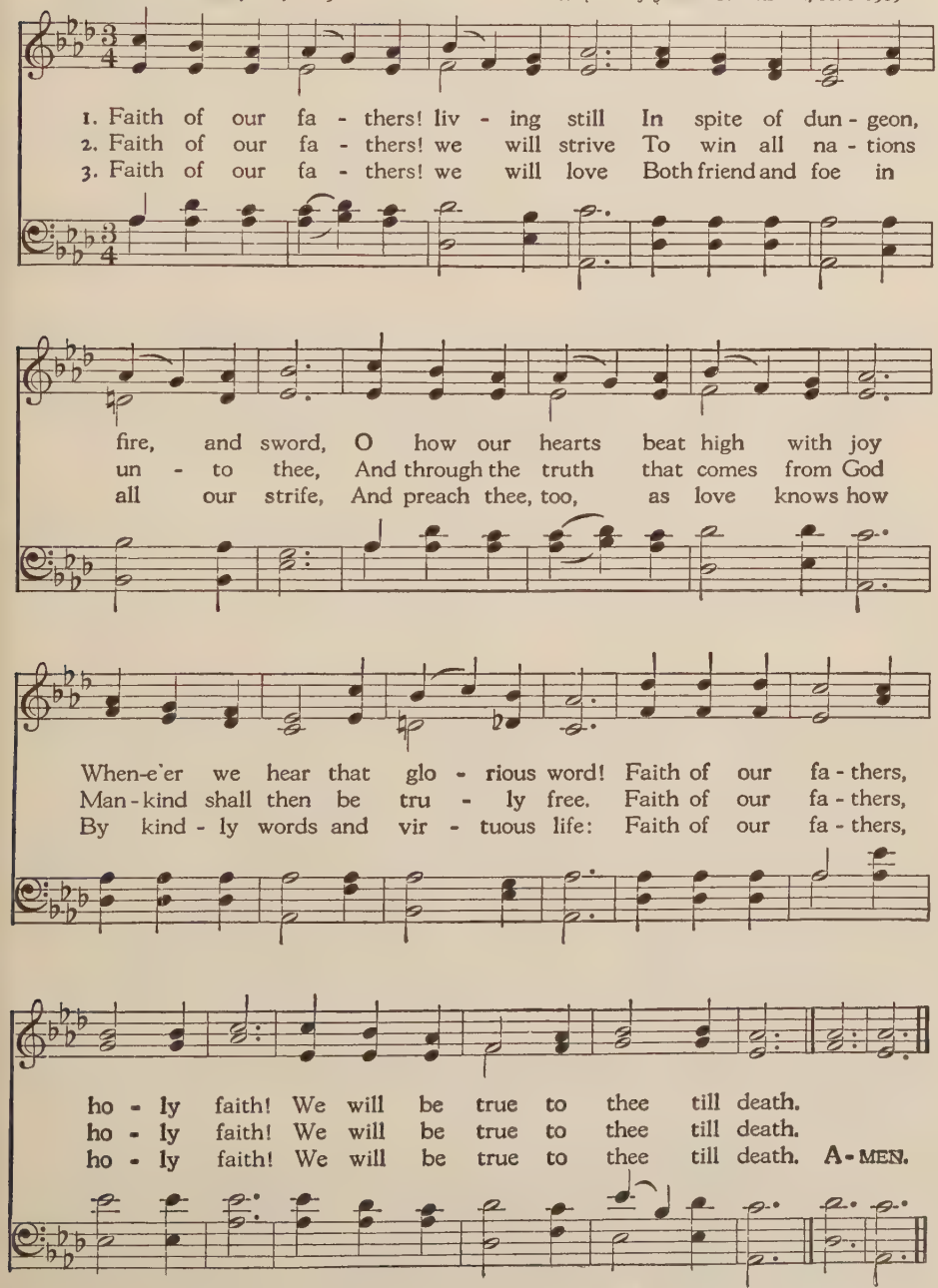
FANNY J. CROSBY, 1820–1915 — WILLIAM H. DOANE, 1832–1915

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di -
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row
me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope, And my
spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com -
sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I
REFRAIN
clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord,
will be lost in Thine.
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee.
near - er, near - er,
To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side. A-MEN.

ST. CATHERINE. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814–1863

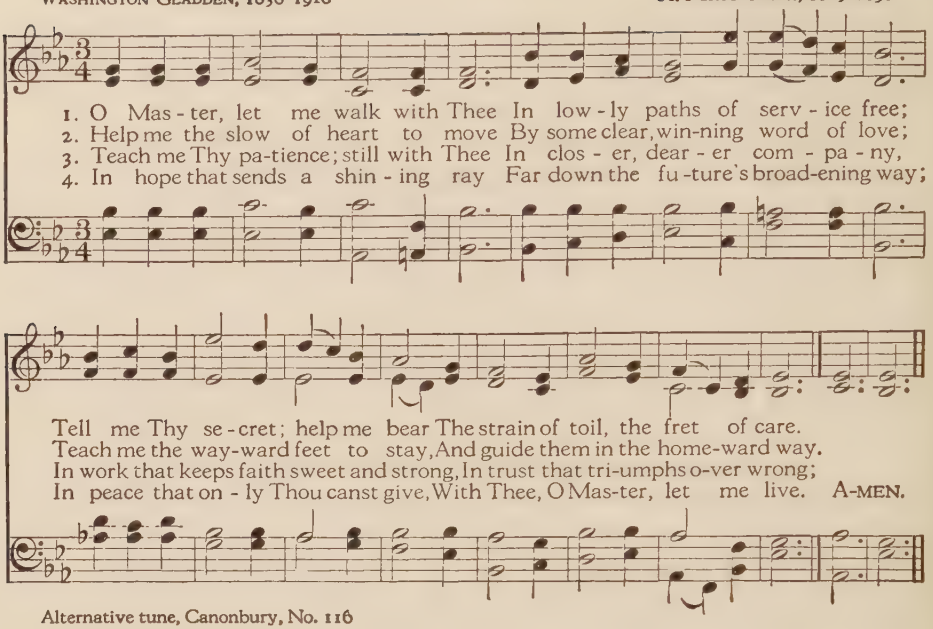
HENRI F. HEMY, 1818–1888
Adapted by JAMES G. WALTON, 1821–1905


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon,
2. Faith of our fa - thers! we will strive To win all na - tions
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in
fire, and sword, O how our hearts beat high with joy
un - to thee, And through the truth that comes from God
all our strife, And preach thee, too, as love knows how
When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word! Faith of our fa - thers,
Man - kind shall then be tru - ly free. Faith of our fa - thers,
By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life: Faith of our fa - thers,
ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.
ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.
ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death. A - MEN.

37

MARYTON. L. M.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1836–1918 — H. PERCY SMITH, 1825–1898

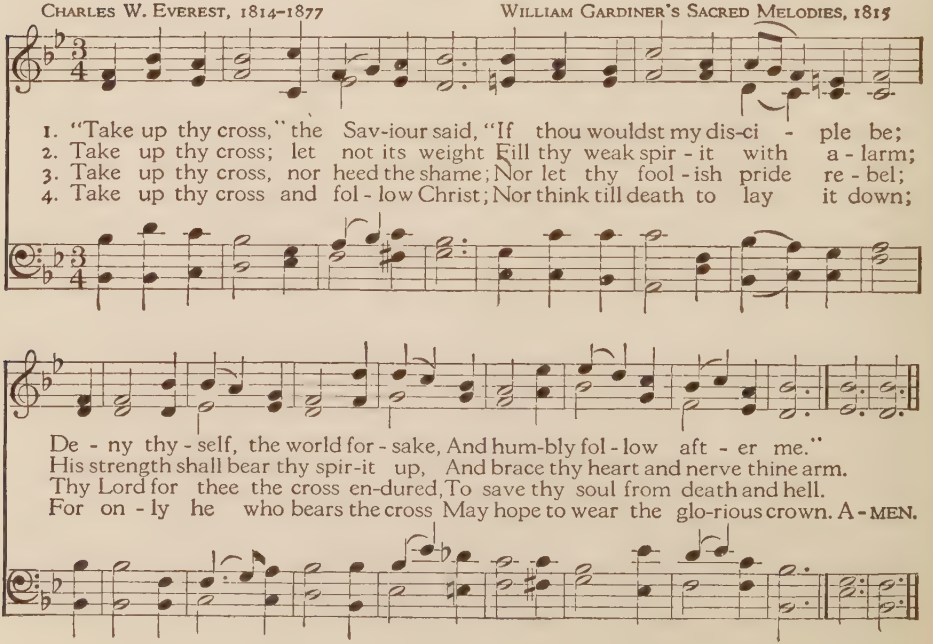

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win-ning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy pa-tience; still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broad-ening way;
Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the home-ward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o-ver wrong;
In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live. A-MEN.

Alternative tune, Canonbury, No. 116

38

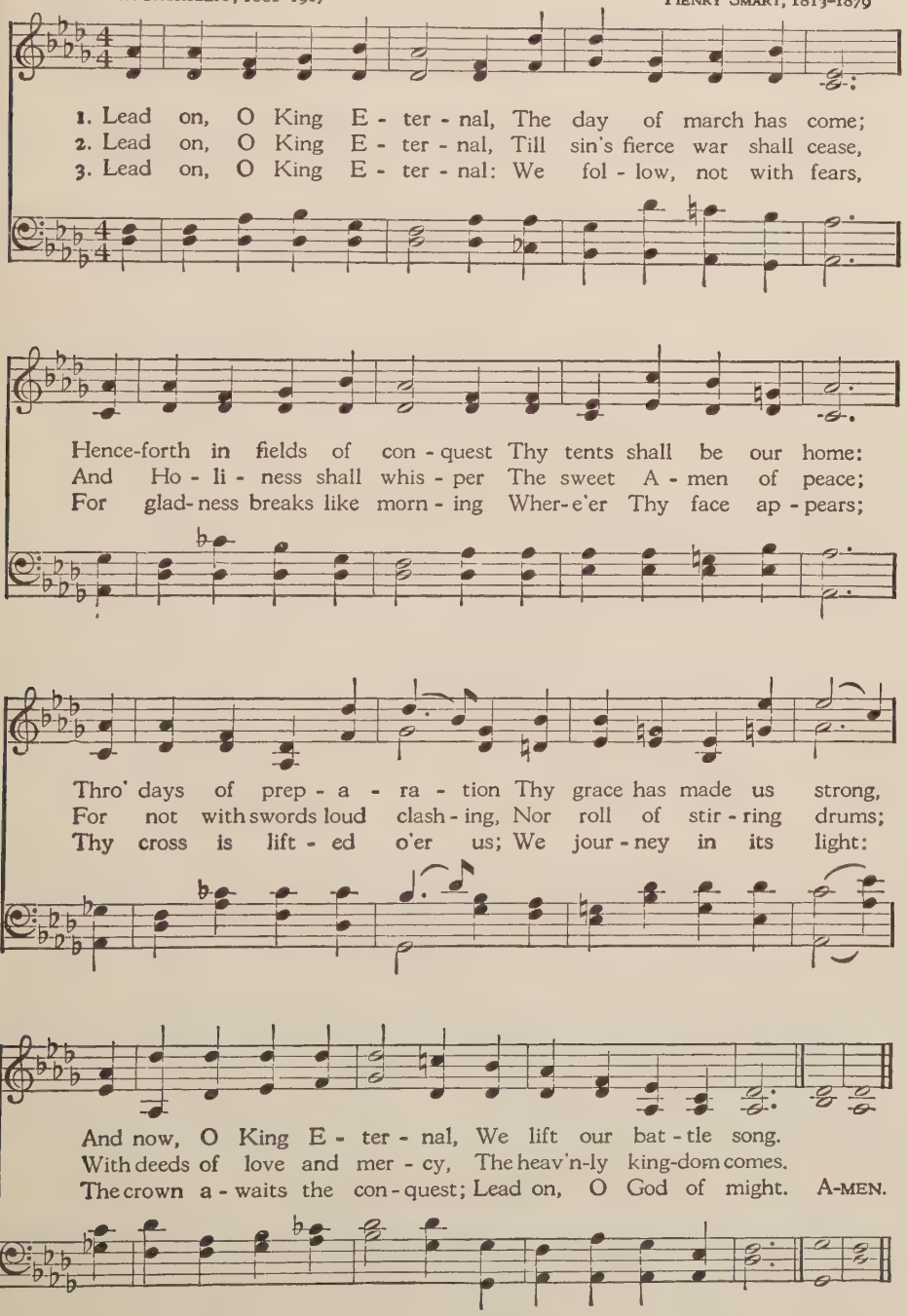
GERMANY. L. M.

CHARLES W. EVEREST, 1814–1877 — WILLIAM GARDINER'S SACRED MELODIES, 1815


1. "Take up thy cross," the Sav-iour said, "If thou wouldst my dis-ci - ple be;
2. Take up thy cross; let not its weight Fill thy weak spir - it with a - larm;
3. Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame; Nor let thy fool - ish pride re - bel;
4. Take up thy cross and fol - low Christ; Nor think till death to lay it down;
De - ny thy - self, the world for - sake, And hum-bly fol - low aft - er me."
His strength shall bear thy spir-it up, And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
Thy Lord for thee the cross en-dured, To save thy soul from death and hell.
For on - ly he who bears the cross May hope to wear the glo-rious crown. A - MEN.

LANCASHIRE. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF, 1862–1917 — HENRY SMART, 1813–1879


1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal: We fol - low, not with fears,
Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home:
And Ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace;
For glad-ness breaks like morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears;
Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
For not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums;
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light:
And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav'n-ly king-dom comes.
The crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might. A-MEN.

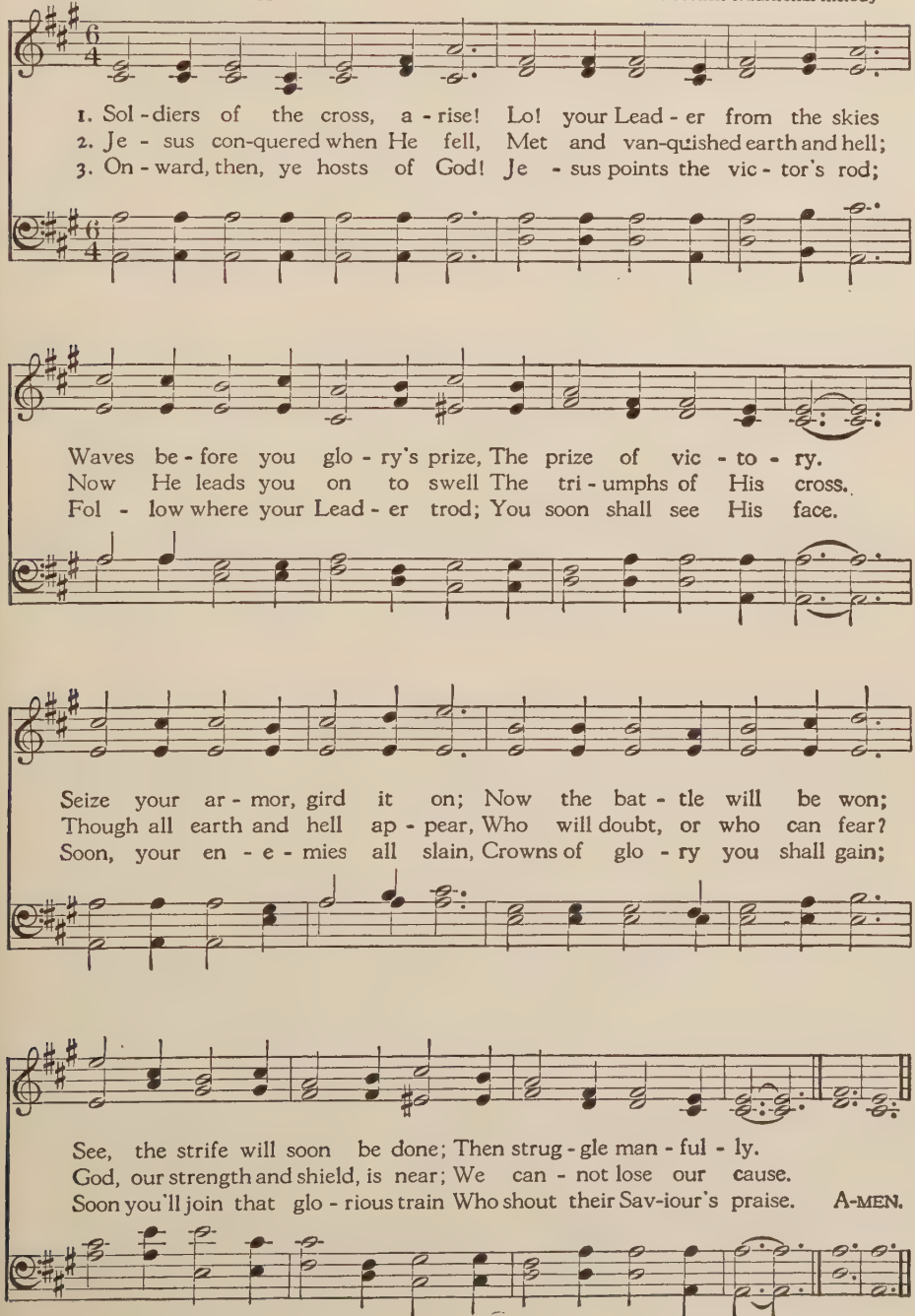
ST. GERTRUDE. 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with Refrain

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834–1924 — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1842–1900

1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y arm - y Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,
Leads a - gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go!
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church pre-vail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can - not fail.
Un - to Christ the King; This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
REFRAIN
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

CALEDONIA. 7. 7. 7. 6. D.

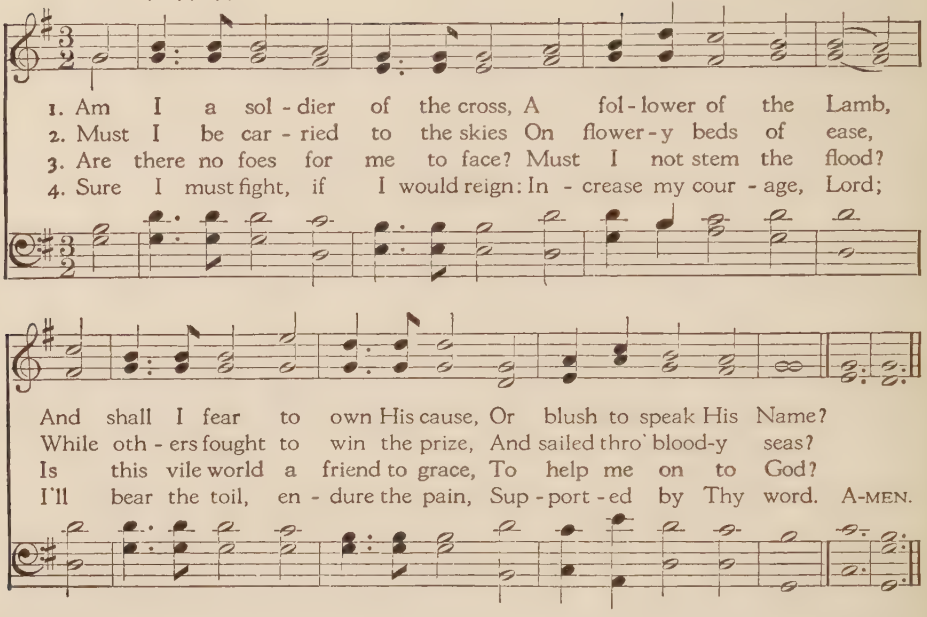
JARED B. WATERBURY, 1799–1876 — Scottish traditional melody


1. Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise! Lo! your Lead - er from the skies
Waves be - fore you glo - ry's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry.
2. Je - sus con-quered when He fell, Met and van-quished earth and hell;
Now He leads you on to swell The tri - umphs of His cross.
3. On - ward, then, ye hosts of God! Je - sus points the vic - tor's rod;
Fol - low where your Lead - er trod; You soon shall see His face.
Seize your ar - mor, gird it on; Now the bat - tle will be won;
Though all earth and hell ap - pear, Who will doubt, or who can fear?
Soon, your en - e - mies all slain, Crowns of glo - ry you shall gain;
See, the strife will soon be done; Then strug - gle man - ful - ly.
God, our strength and shield, is near; We can - not lose our cause.
Soon you'll join that glo - rious train Who shout their Sav-iour's praise. A-MEN.

42

ARLINGTON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748 — THOMAS A. ARNE, 1710–1778


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flower - y beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign: In - crease my cour - age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word. A-MEN.

43

BOYLSTON. S. M.

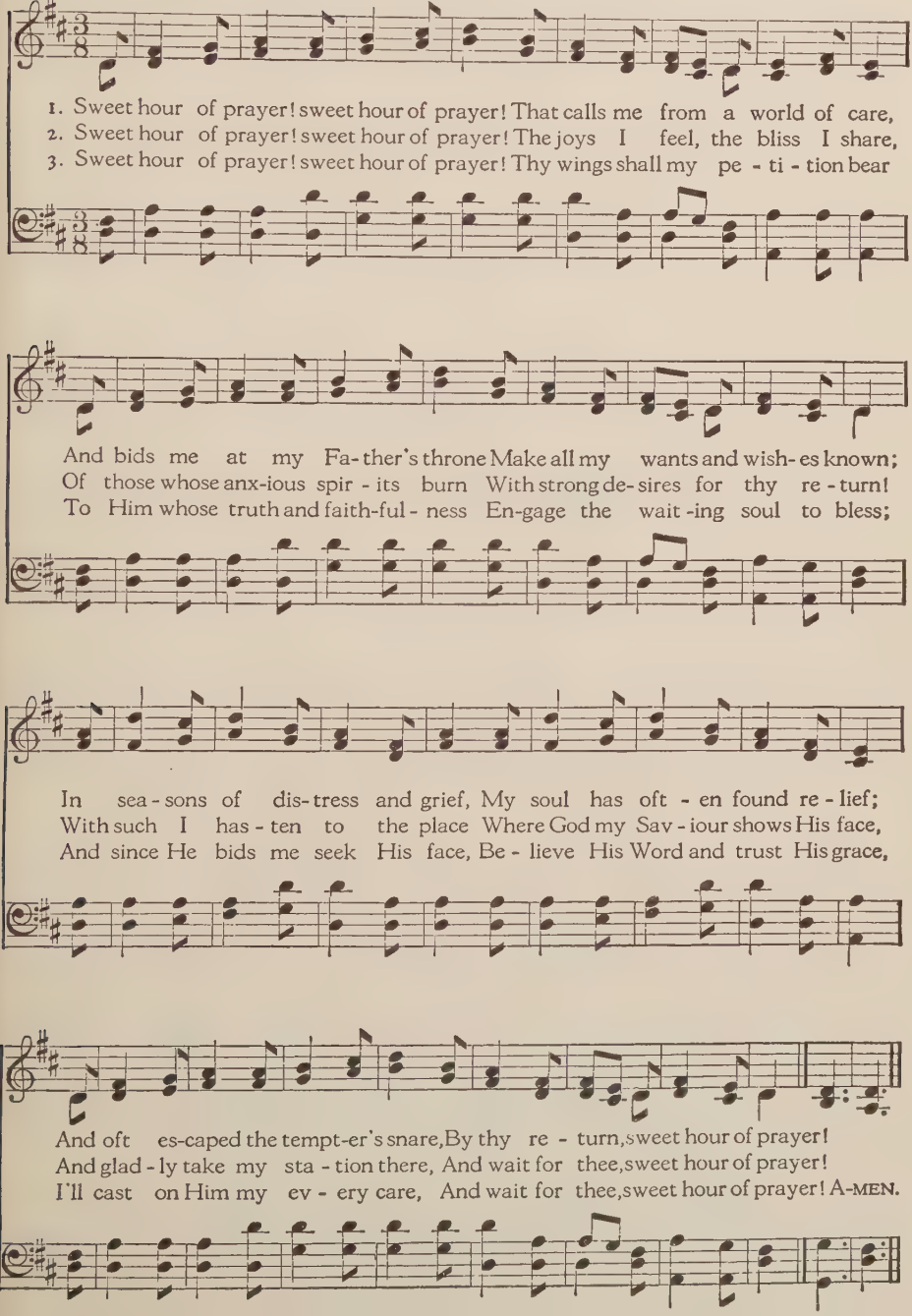
CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788 — LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil;
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live,
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!
And, oh, Thy ser - vant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give!
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for ev - er die. A - MEN.

SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD, ?

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1816–1868


1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known;
Of those whose anx-ious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn!
To Him whose truth and faith-ful - ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
With such I has - ten to the place Where God my Sav - iour shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His Word and trust His grace,
And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!
And glad - ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
I'll cast on Him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! A-MEN.

45

ST. MARGARET. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

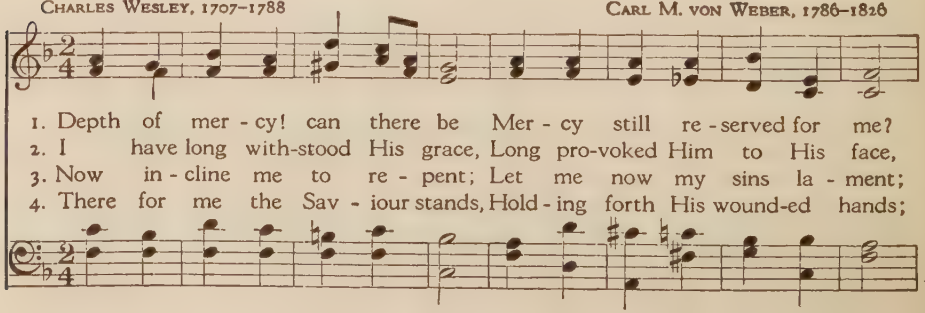
GEORGE MATHESON, 1842–1906 — ALBERT L. PEACE, 1844–1912

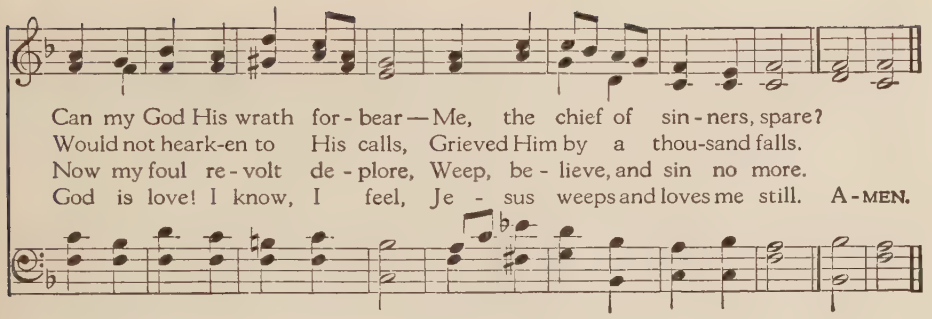
1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my
2. O Light that fol - lowest all my way, I yield my
3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I can - not
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not
wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,
flick-ering torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor-rowed ray,
close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow through the rain,
ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead,
That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
That in Thy sun-shine's blaze its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
And from the ground there blos-soms red Life that shall end - less be. A - MEN.

46

SEYMOUR. 7. 7. 7. 7.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788 — CARL M. VON WEBER, 1786–1826


1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
2. I have long with-stood His grace, Long pro-voked Him to His face,
3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;
4. There for me the Sav - iour stands, Hold - ing forth His wound-ed hands;


Can my God His wrath for-bear—Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
Would not heark-en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.
Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.
God is love! I know, I feel, Je-sus weeps and loves me still. A-MEN.

47

EISENACH. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788

JOHANN H. SCHEIN, 1586–1630
Harmonized by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750

1. O Thou who cam-est from a-bove, The
2. There let it for Thy glo-ry burn With
3. Je-sus, con-firm my heart's de-sire To
4. Read-y for all Thy per-fect will, My
pure ce-les-tial fire t'im-part, Kin-dle a flame of
in-ex-tin-guish-a-ble blaze, And trem-bling to its
work, and speak, and think for Thee; Still let me guard the
acts of faith and love re-peat, Till death Thy end-less
sa-cred love On the mean al-tar of my heart.
source re-turn, In hum-ble prayer and fer-vent praise.
ho-ly fire, And still stir up Thy gift in me:
mer-cies seal, And make the sac-ri-fice com-plete. A-MEN.

FOUNDATION. 11. 11. 11. 11.

(Second Tune)

"K" in Rippon's Selection, 1787

Early American melody

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
2. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dis - mayed,
3. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,
Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent Word!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
The riv - ers of woe shall not thee o - ver - flow;
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
For I will be with thee thy trou - bles to bless,
To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
A - MEN.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!"

HOLLINGSIDE. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

(Second Tune)

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788 — JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy Name, I am all un - right - eous-ness;
Thou of life the Foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

LOVE DIVINE. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788 — JOHN ZUNDEL, 1815–1882

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery trou - bled breast!
3. Come, Al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown!
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest;
Sud-den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev-er more Thy tem - ples leave.
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per-fect - ly re - stored in Thee:
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas - sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place,
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise. A-MEN.

AURELIA. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

SAMUEL J. STONE, 1839–1900 — SAMUEL S. WESLEY, 1810–1876

1. The Church - 's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:
From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest,
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A - MEN.

GERMANY. L. M.

FRANK MASON NORTH, 1850–1935

From WILLIAM GARDINER'S SACRED MELODIES, 1815

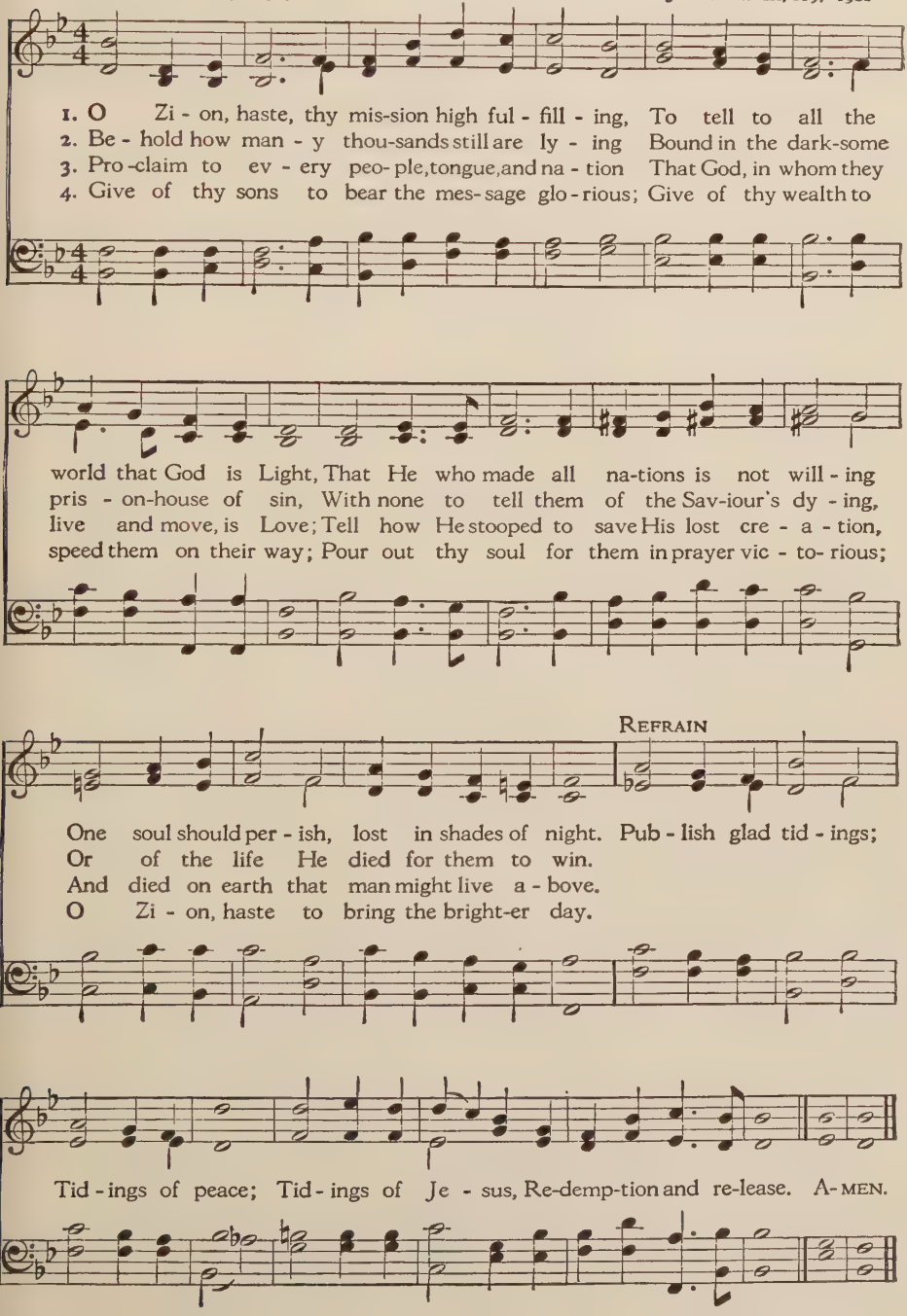
1. Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, Where sound the
2. In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, On shad - owed
3. From ten - der child - hood's help - less - ness, From wo - man's
4. The cup of wa - ter given for Thee Still holds the
cries of race and clan, A - bove the noise of
thresh - olds dark with fears, From paths where hide the
grief, man's bur - dened toil, From fam - ished souls, from
fresh - ness of Thy grace; Yet long these mul - ti -
self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
lures of greed, We catch the vi - sion of Thy tears.
sor - row's stress, Thy heart has nev - er known re - coil.
tudes to see The sweet com - pas - sion of Thy face. A - MEN.

5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till, glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the city of our God!

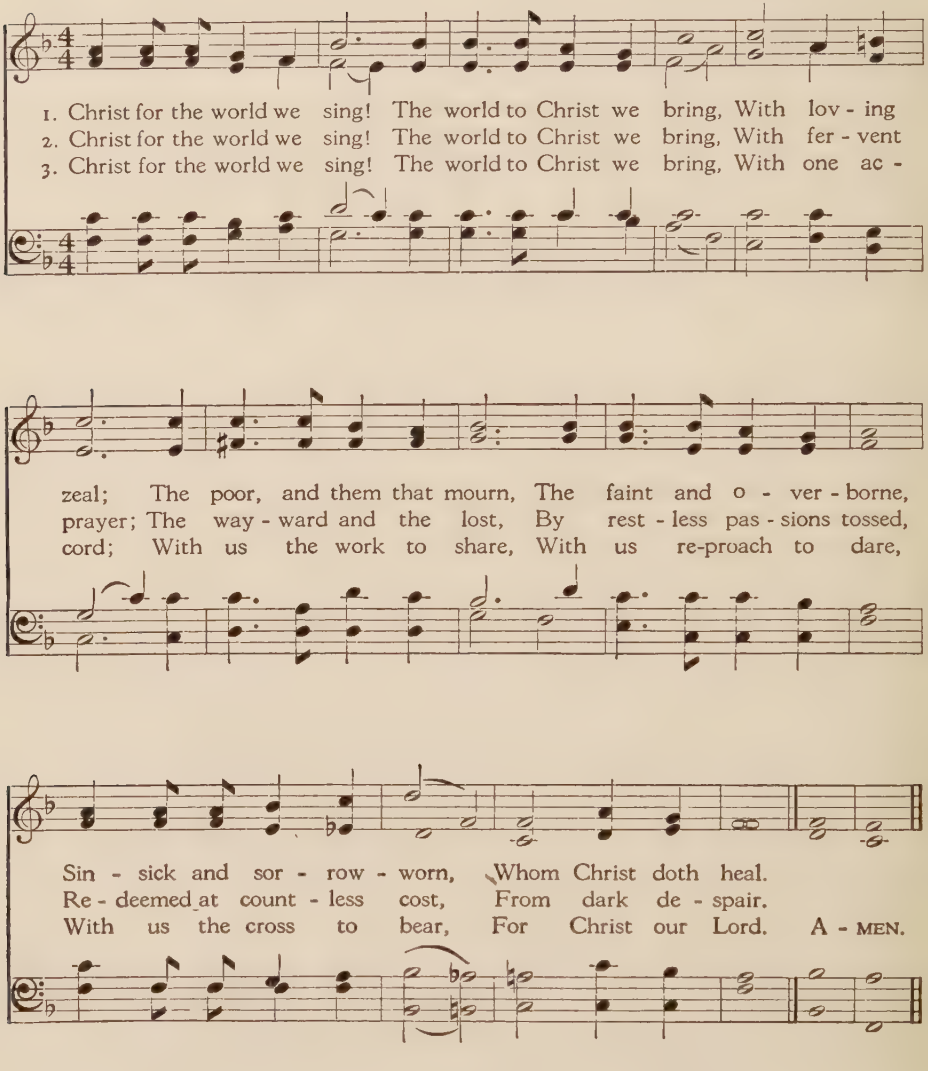
TIDINGS. 11. 10. 11. 10. with Refrain

MARY A. THOMSON, 1834–1923 JAMES WALCH, 1837–1901


1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - ery peo-ple, tongue, and na - tion That God, in whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to
world that God is Light, That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-iour's dy - ing,
live and move, is Love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to-rious;
REFRAIN
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night. Pub - lish glad tid - ings;
Or of the life He died for them to win.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
O Zi - on, haste to bring the bright-er day.
Tid - ings of peace; Tid - ings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-MEN.

KIRBY BEDON. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT, 1813–1886 — EDWARD BUNNETT, 1834–1923


1. Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring, With lov - ing
2. Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring, With fer - vent
3. Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring, With one ac -
zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o - ver - borne,
prayer; The way - ward and the lost, By rest - less pas - sions tossed,
cord; With us the work to share, With us re-proach to dare,
Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
Re - deemed at count - less cost, From dark de - spair.
With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord. A - MEN.

4 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The newborn souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Alternative tune, Italian Hymn, No. 2

THE KINGDOM COMING. 6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8. with Refrain

MARY B. C. SLADE, 1826–1882 — EMILIUS LAROCHE (R. M. McINTOSH)

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's need - y ra - ces,
2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er arm - ies ad - vanc - ing
3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing,
O see how the thick shad - ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion
To con - quer the king - doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos - sess them,
Their arms in sur - ren - der cast down, At last ev - ery na - tion,
A - wakes ev - ery na - tion; "Come o - ver and help us," they cry.
His pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
The Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!
REFRAIN
The king-dom is com-ing, O tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban-ner ex-alt-ed shall be!
The earth shall be full of His know-ledge and glo-ry, As wa-ters that cov-er the sea! A-MEN.

56

PILOT. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

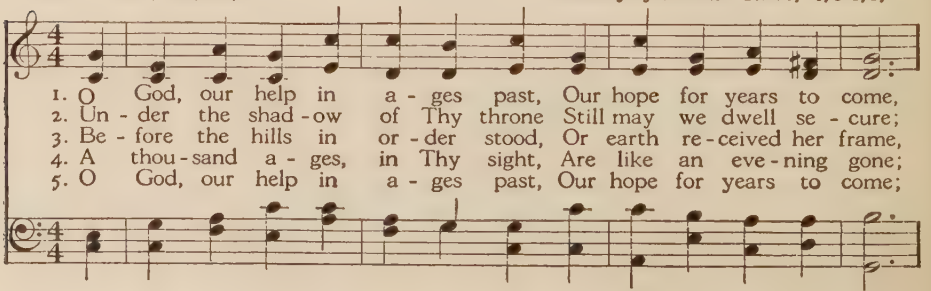
EDWARD HOPPER, 1816-1888 — JOHN E. GOULD, 1822-1875

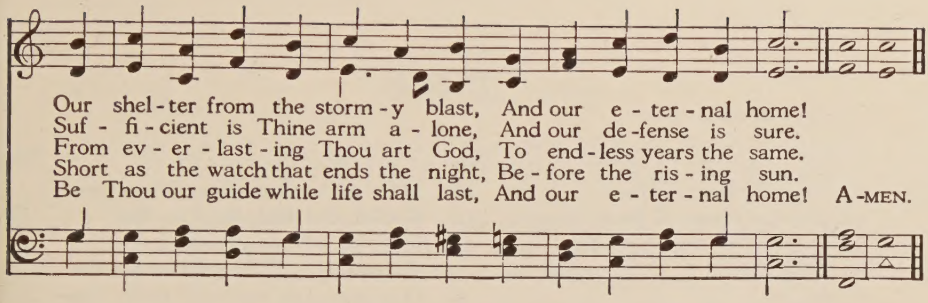
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach-erous shoal;
Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou sayest to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov-ereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A - MEN.

57

ST. ANNE. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748 — Probably by WILLIAM CROFT, 1678-1727


1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. A thou - sand a - ges, in Thy sight, Are like an eve - ning gone;
5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;


Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home! A - MEN.

58

MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4

ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS, 1818–1878 WILLIAM H. DOANE, 1832–1915

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A - MEN.

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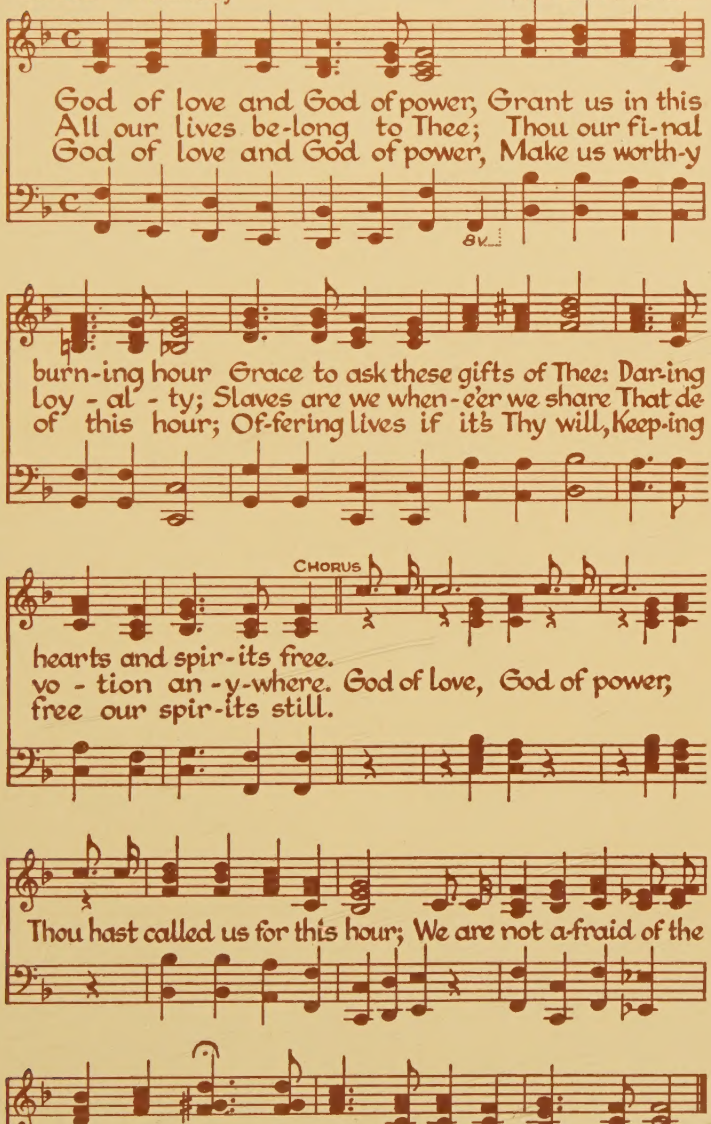
God of Love

Gerald F. Kennedy — John L. McDonald


God of love and God of power, Grant us in this
All our lives be-long to Thee; Thou our fi-nal
God of love and God of power, Make us worth-y
8va
burn-ing hour Grace to ask these gifts of Thee: Dar-ing
loy - al - ty; Slaves are we when-e'er we share That de
of this hour; Of-fering lives if it's Thy will, Keep-ing
CHORUS
hearts and spir-its free.
vo - tion an-y-where. God of love, God of power;
free our spir-its still.
Thou hast called us for this hour; We are not a-fraid of the
choice we've made, Tri-um-phant-ly we march with Thee.

Courtesy, Bishop Gerald Kennedy